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STOLEN JEWELS

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Naball left the two young men, he went straight to the detective office in order to get some one to look after Keith Stewart, and see that he did not leave Melbourne. Naball did not believe that he was going to | ically. meet any one that night, and wanted | don't-it's my business." to find out why he was going to the station.

"If he wanted to give me the slip," he thought, "he wouldn't have told me he was going to the railway station humph! Can't make out what he's up to."

The gentleman who was to act as Mr. Stewart's shadow was a short, red-nosed man with a humbled appearance and a chronic sniffle. He was sparing of words and communicated with his fellow-man by a series of nods and winks which did duty with

him for conversation. "Tulch!" said Naball, when this extraordinary being appeared, "I want you to go to Vance's boarding-house, Powlett street, East Melbourne, and keep your eye on a man called Keith Stewart."

An interrobatory sniff from Tulch. 'Ah, I forgot you don't know his personal appearance," said Naball, thoughtfully; "he's tall, with fair hair, wears a sort of home-spun-humphthat won't do, there are dozens of young men of that description. Here! -tell you what, I'll give you a note to deliver to him personally; muffle yourself up in an uister when you deliver it, so that he won't know youunderstand?"

Mr. Tulch sniffed in the affirma-"Follow him wherever he goes, and tell me what he's up to," said Naball. scribbling a note to Stewart and handing it to Tulch. That's all-clear

A farewell sniffle, and Tulch was

"Humph!" muttered Naball to himself, "now I'd like to know the meaning of all this-I don't believe the cock-and-bull story about Stewart having money left him in this mysterious manner-people don't do that sort of thing now-a-days-I believe he's been robbing the old man for some time and was found out-so silenced him by using his knife. Knife," repeated Napan, "that's not been found yet-I must see about this-now there's Villiers-I wonder if he could help me. It was curious that he should have been about the shop at that special time-he's a bad lot-gad, I'll go and see what I can find out from him.'

Knowing Mr. Villier's habits, he had no difficulty in discovering his whereabouts. Ah Goon's was where Villiers generally dweit, so, after Naoof a nice little dinner, he went off to Little Boarke

It was now between seven and eight o'clock, which was the time Villiers generally dined, so Nabali not finding him at. An Goon's, betook himself to a cook-shop in the neighborhood, to which he was directed by a solid-

tooking Chinaman. It was a low-roofed place, consisting of a series of apartments all opening one into the other by squat little door-ways. The almosphere was dull and smoky, and the acrid smell of burning wood saluted Naball's nostrils when he entered. Near the doorway a Chinaman was rolling out rice bread to the thinness of paper: then. cutting it into little squares, he wrapned each round a kind of sausage meat, and placed the rolls thus prepared on a tray for cooking.

in the next apartment was a large boiler, with the lid off, filled with water, in which ten or twelve turkeys, skewered and trussed, were bobbing up and down amid the froth and scum of the boiling water. A crowd of Chinese, all chattering in their high shrill voives were moving about half seen in the smoky atmosphere, through which candle and lamp light tlamed feebly.

Villiers, in a kind of little apartment, was having his supper when the detective entered. Before him was a large bowl filled with soup, and in this were squares of thin rice bread, and portion of turkey and duck mixed up into a savoury mess, and flavoured with the dark brown fluid which the Chinese use instead of salt.

"Oh, it's you," growled Villiers, looking up with a scowl, "what do you want? "You, my friend," said Naball oheer-

fully, taking a seat. "Oh, do you?" said Villiers, rubbing

his bleared eyes, inflamed by the pungent smoke of the woodfire. "I



For the **Informal Occasion**

CUNDAY night supper or when intimates drop in unexpectedly—EDDY'S Paper Serviettes are quite appropriate. They lend a certain refreshing, pic-nic-y flavor to the occasion, like when you are seated on the grass, and somebody starts telling stories. And besides they save your linen serviettes -- and that's an item nowadays.

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The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited **HULL**, Canada akers of the Famous Eddy atches and Indurated

s'pose yo uthink I killed old La

"No, I don't," retorted the detec-tive, looking straight at him, "but I think you know more than you tell."
"He! he!" grinned the other sardon-"Perhaps I do- perhaps I

"And mine also," said Naball, somewhat nettled. "You forget the case is in my hands." "Don't care whose hands it's in."

retorted Villiers. finishing his soup. t'aint any trouble of mine." The detective bit his lip at the impenetrable way in which Villiers met his advances. Suddenly a thought flashed across his mind, and he bent

forward with a meaning smile. "Got any more diamonds?" Villiers pushed back his chair from the table, and started at Naball. "What diamonds?" he asked, in

hus!: voice. "Come now," said Naball, with a wink, "we know all about that ch? ares." Ah Goon is a good pawnbroker, isn't

"At Goon!" gasped Villiers, turn ing a little pale.

"Yes; though he did only lend twenty pounds on those diamonds." "Look here, Mr. Jack-o'-Dandy." said Villiers, bringing his fist down on the table. "I don't want no beating about the bush, I don't What do you mean, curse you?"

"I mean that I know all about your little sames," replied Naball, leaning over the table "I knew Caprice stole her own jewels for some purpose, and give you some of the swag to shut your mouth, and I know that you're going to tell me all you know about this Russell street business, or, by Jove, I'll have you arrested on suspicion."

Villiers gave a howl like a wild beast, and, flinging himself across the table tried to grapple with the the detective, but recoiled with a shriek of wrath and alarm as he saw the shining barrel of a revolver levelled at his head.

"Won't do, Villiers," said Naball, smoothly; "try some other game." Whereupon Villiers, seeing that the detective was too strong for him, sat down sulkily in his chair, and after invoking a blessing on Naball's eyes. invited him to speak out. The detective replaced the revolver in hs pocket, whence it could be easily seized if necessary and smiled complacently at his sullen-faced friend.

"Aha!" he said, producing a dainty quite disregarding, took up the match evidence against him." and lighted his cigarette. Watching

the blue smoke curling from his line for a few moments, he turned languidly to Villiers, and began to talk. "You see, I know all about it." he said, quietly; "you were too drunk to remember that night when you tried to take a diamond crescent off that

woman, and I expect Ah Goon never told you!" "It was you who took it then growled Villiers, fiercely.

"In your own words, perhaps it was perhaps it wasn't," replied Neball, in an irritating tone; "at all events, it's quite safe. You had better answer all my questions, because you bear too bad a character not to be suspected of the crime, particularly as you were about Russell street on that night."

"Yes. I was." said Villiers, angrily, and who saw me-Keith Stewart mighty fine witness he is." "Aha!" thought the astute Naball.

"he does know something, then." "I could put a spoke in Stewart's wheel." grumbled the other, viciously. "I don't think so," replied the detective, fingering his cigarette, "he is far above you-he's got money, is soing to make a name by a successful play, and if report speaks truly. Caprice loves him."

"I don't care a farthing whether she does or not," said Villiers, loudly, she'd love any one who has money. Stewart's got some, has he; where did he get it?

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Indeed, where?" "Never you mind," said Villiers, suspiciously. "I know my own knowing." "Remember what I said," said Naball, quietly, "and tell me all." "If I tell you all, what will you do?"

asked Villiers. "I'll save your neck from the gallcws," replied Naball smoothly.

"Not good enough." "Oh, very well, said the detective, rising, "I've no more to say. I'm off to the magistrate."

"What for?" Naball fixed his keen eyes on the bloated face of the other. "To get a warrant for your arrest."

"You can't do that." "Can't I-you'll see." "No: wait a bit," said Villiers in alarm: "I can easily prove' myself in-

nocent.' "Indeed: then you'd better do so new, before a warrant is out for your arrest '

"You won't give me any money?" "Not a cent-it's not a question of money with you, but life or death."

Villiers deliberated for a moment, and then apparently made up Es

"bit down," he said, sullenly. "Fil tell you all I know." Naball resumed his seat, lighted

fresh cigartte, and prepared to liste. "I was rather drunk on the night of the murder," he said, "but not so bad as Stewart thought me. He saw me at the shopdoor at two o'clock, but I was there a quarter of an hour be-"Did you see anything?"

"I saw the gate which led into the alley open," replied Villiers. "No one was about, so I walked in." "What for?" asked Naball, glancing at him keenly.
"Oh, nothing," replied Villers, indifferently; "the fact was, I saw a po-

"You'll see there's blood on the handle, so I am sure it was with it the

erime was committed."

"But how do you know it's State inife?" asked Naball.

Villiers placed his forefinger

side of the handle.
"Read that," he said, briefly. "From Meg?" read Nahell
"Exactly," said Villiers. "Meg is
Kitty Marchurst's child, and she gave

it to Keith Stewart." it to Keith Stewart."

"By Jove, it looks suspicious," said
Naball. "He is in possession of a
large sum of money, and can't tell
how he got it. He can't account for his time on the night of the mus found close to the window through which the murderer entered—humph things look black against him."

"I suppose you will arrest him al once?" said Villiers, malignantly. "Then you suppose wrong," retorted aball. "I'll have him looked after Naball. so that he won't escape; but I'll hold my tongue, about this, and so will

YOU.

"Intil when?" "Until I find out more about Stewart. I must discover if the knife was in his possession on the night of the "Ana!" he said, producing a dainty cigarette, "this is much better. Have you a light?"

Villiers flung down a lucifer match with a husky curse, which Naball, are in circulation, so as to get more

liers, sulkily. "You are to hold your tongue," Naball, rising to his feet, "or else I may make things unpleasant for you —it's a good thing for your own sake

you have told me all." "Told you all," muttered Villiers, as Naball took his departure.

so sure about that." CHAPTER XIX.

It is a great blessing that the future is hidden from our anxious eyes, oth-erwise, to use a familiar expression, we would go out in a coact and four to meet our troubles. If Keith Stewart had only known that the detective suspected him of the murder of Lazarus, and was surely but slowly finding out strong evidence in favor of such a presumption, he, no doubt, would have been much troubled. But he thought that Naball's kints at the interview were not worth thinking

about, for strong in the belief of his own innocence, such an idea of his being accused of the crime never entered his mind. In spite of the disagreeable event which had occurred, Keith felt very happy on this night. He was young, he had a good sum of money in the

bank, the gift of some benefic fairy, he was going to make his debu as a dramatic author, and, above all he was going to see Eugenie again. Therefore, as he sat for dinner, his heart was merry, and to him the future looked bright and cheerful, Things seemed so pleasant that, with the sanguine expectations of youth, he began to build castles in the air.

maid, a fat young person who breathill bard and rolled up to Keith, parfing and pasting like a locomotive. "If you please," said the young

What man?" asked Keith, sharply "He's waiting to see you," returned the housemaid, stolidly.

From experience seith knew that it was useless to expect sense from th

their way to name announced will pass the me, but he remained actually at his post, watching the general dear of mee's houseling-boson At het his tiling was rewarded, for, name-lass should half-past uswar. Keith his hurriedly out, and sped rapidly win, the street.

en stretching his cramped limbs. "I'll 'ave to ketch 'im h'un." and he "I'll ave to ketch 'im drug," and he rolled as quickly as he was able after the tall figure of the young man.

A tram came along, and, without stopping it, Keith in goal on the dumney—the spy, breathless with rundumney—the spy, breathless with rundumney—the spy, breathless with rundumney—the spy, breathless with rundumney—the spy, breathless with runcar and got maide, beeping his eye car and get maide, beging his eye on Keith. The tramear went rapidly along Flinders Street, stopping every new and then, to pick up or drop passengers, at which Keith seemed impatient. At last Spencer Street station was reached, and Keith sprang out;, so did Tuich, keeping close to dis heels.

Stewart walked impatiently up and down one of the long platforms, which shortly began to fill with people expecting their friends. The shrill whistle of an Inproaching engine was heard, a red tight suddenly appeared. advancing rapidly, and presently the long train, with its lighted carriages, drew up inside the station.

Such a hurry-scurry; people jump-ing out of the train to meet those pressing forward on the platform. porters calling to one another, boxes, rugs, portmantesus, bundles, all es, and at intervals the shrill whistle

es, and at intervals the shrill whistle of a departing train.

Amid all this confusion Telch missed Kefth, and was in a terrible state, for he knew what Nahall would say. He dived afther and thither among the crowd with surprising activity; and at leaf came in sight of Shewart putting a young lady info a cab, in front of which was the lugging. He tried to hear the address given the cabman, but was unsuccessful, so he wastiffly supped into enouther cab and pidly jumped into entother cab and le fam to follow. The cabby obeyed at once, and whip up his horse, II East 24th street, button-hole ma was a remarkably good one, he easily kept the first cab in sight.

(To be continued)

A Warm Recommendation. There is an authenticated story of Macdonald in the early sixties. He was Attorney-General for Upper Canada, and lived in lodgings in Quebec. He had been absent from duty for a week: public business was delayed. and the Governor General became impatient. He sent his aide de camp. young Lord Bury, to find the absent Minister. Pushing his way past the eld housekeeper, Lord Bury genetrat-ed to the bedroom where Macdonald was sitting in hed, reading a novel with a decanter of sherry on the table beside him. "Mr. Macdonald, the began to build castles in the air.

"If this buriesque's a success," he thought, "I'll write a novel, and save every penny I make; then I'll go to London, after marrying Buganie, and see if I can't make a name there—with perseverance I'm bound to do it."

Poor youth, he did not know the difficulty of making a name in fundon; he was quite unaware that the literary market was overstocked, and that many criticisms depended on the state of the critic's liver. He did not known any of these things, so he if you are simply a private individual. Governor-General told me to say to state of the critic's liver. He did not known any of these things, so he went on eating his dinner and buildings his castles in the air, all of which buildings were inhabited by Eugenia. From these pleasant dreams he was aroused by the entrance of the house maid, a fat young person who hreathmaid, a fat young person who hreathmaid, a fat young person who hreathmaid, and rolled up to Keith, par-

"Length of the Law."

The phrase "The length of the law," owes its origin to the enormous length of some of the parchment rolls apon which the ancient statues of Great Initials were inscribed. The greatent-day official title of the "master of the rolls' is a reminder of this ancient custom. Some faint idea of the bulk of the English records may be obtained from the fact that a single status, the had tax commissioners' set, passed in the first year of the status of Course IV, measures, when

The line of the li

r arrested August Thyssen,
of Germany. Taken into
him were Fritz Tyssen,
mes. Harr Becke, Harr
schen and Harr Stens-all

more the an Kainer. If the Soviets don't make short work of them, the Allies could to put in a claim on their presents to put in a claim on their presents to put in a claim on their presents those Garmans who "willed the war." Theseen and Sinnes belong to a group whose repacity and thievish instincts were exposed by Dr. Wilhelm Muhlon, in his famous "Blary." In an entry on September 5, 1916, he wrote:

Once more a conventation over the disciplation of the booty after the war. It consured in a most intimate circle of the most distinguished iron and steel "robments." Fatill quiver with shame.

contract in a most intrinsic circle of the most distinguished iron and steel "robber barons." I still quiver with shame. These modern German industrials are naussating. If the English have pursued the politics of a nation of traders, then the Germans, according to the view of the masters of the iron and steel industry, must cutde them in unblushing application. Even foreign private properly must not be spared, in so far as used and iron deposits and great factories and enterprises are concerned. One gentleman argued very earnestly that Germany should immediately annext Belgium, as Italy recently annext Belgium, as Italy recently annext Belgium, as Italy recently from future peace negotiations. At the very extensive appropration of all big in-dustrial and other private establish-

The speaker strongly emphasized the fact that his industrial colleagues, like Thyssen. Stinnes and Kirdorf, were using all their influence to put through the deserter relies outlined by Thysnen. Stinnes and Kirdorf, were using all their influence to put through the ing all their outlined by him. These gentlemen had already taken steps with the imperial chancellor to have an industrial expert attached to the German government in Belgium, who should inspect all industrial establishments and inquire into all industrial values in Belgium and note what Germany could use for herself. There was nothing in their conversation or in their thoughts but force, material wealth, new territory to develop discipline and methods of exploitation. No idea which would justify an extension of Gamman rule, no benefits and no consideration to be bestowed on the conquered. In short, no magnanimity. They want to lie in beds of other people, and don't mind being called harbarians for wanting to do so.

These greedy industrials, including the Krupo munitions concern, intrigued to precipitate a war in which they foresaw enormous profits to themselves. They

enormous profits to themselves. They were inspired by hope of gain, as the militarists were inspired by dreams of military glory. All were guilty together and all should answer for their crimes before an Allied court martial.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Hall's Catarrh Medicine has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable medicine for Catas the most remain medicine for Cat-tarth. Hall's Catarth Medicine acts through the block on the mucous sur-faces, expelling the poison from the blood and healing the diseased portions. After you have taken Hali's Catarrh Medicine for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hali's Catarrh Medteine at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

Under normal conditions Italy's perfume manufacturers annually consume 1.860 tens of orange blossoms

and 1,000 tons of roses. There are 30 varieties of bamboo. Some of these trees grow two feet in 24 hours, shooting up at this rate for 150 feet.

In Jewish marriages the bride alwave stand at the right hand of the groom; with every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is at the left.

Japan is almost without paupers, for it is considered a disgrace to be dependent on another. Nearly every one has some work to do.

In Russia the natives never crink

milk in their tea, and cups and eaucers are never used for tea. It is drunk from glasses. Surnames cannot be traced farther back than the latter part of the tenth

century. One of the oldest known types of dog is the greyhound. The Falkland Islands are said to be the windfest place in the world. Tree growth is practically impossible in

this locality. The average weight of the Greenland whate is 100 tons, equal to that of be elephants or that of 400 bears. The word "and' 'occurs 46,527 times in Holy Scripture-10,984 times in the Old Testament and 35,543 times in the New Testament.

The use of sulphate or oxide on aluminum wires in order to produce insulation for electrical purposes is being adopted, and the process is now being applied to copper wire.

The Japanese have a substitute for coffee, said to be almost equal in every respect to natural Brazilian coffee. As result of chemical analysis by experts it is eaid that the goods are more wholesome than the natural bean, while retaining all its flavor and quality.

If you see a person in a fog he seems to be much bigger than usual. The same thing happens when you see men or cattle on the top of a hill against the horizon in twilight. In both cases you judge them to be farther away than they really are, and consequently they appear uncommonly large.

Daily Thought.

Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial. which is pecumer to him and which worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.—Ruskin.

Wigg-Poor old Burduppe is an guaged to Miss Antique. Do you this he can support her? Wang-Support her? Why, he can't even pay he he

The state of the s

CUER PATICIES BUILD UP!

DNCE YOU START USING THE NEW BLOOD-FOOD REMEDY YOU'LL GET WELL QUICKLY.

Appetite is poor. Sleep in hard to get Still worse, you are thin and fage

Work must be done, but where the strength to come from? Make your blood nutrition you'll have lots of strength. Your only hope in Ferrosone, nstant blood-maker, blood-puriffer, blood-enricher. It brings keen cope-tite, digests food and supplies nutri-

tion for building up all the bodily tin-Ferrozone makes muscle and nerve fibre, increases your weight, instile reserve of energy into the body that define weariness or exhaustion from

any cause. For men who toil and labor, for the office man, the minister, the teacherto these will Ferrozone bring a new life of spirit and robust health. For growing girls, women of all ages—no tonic is more certain. Said in 50c boxes by all dealers, or direct by mail from The Catarrhozone Co. Kingston, Ont.

Improvements.

Baker's cinnamon buns, always co unlike "the kind mother used to bake," may be made aimost to pass for those, by buttering, rolling in a bit of cinnamon mixed with sugar. and browning for just a few minutes in the oven. The bakers' cinnamon buns are never brown enough anyhow. so this will not make them overdone.

Apple sauce served with a dressing of ice coid orange juice is delicious. When compelled to serve berries without cream, try a little marshmallow-whip instead. It is really almost as good, perhaps quite so. It can be made at home or bought, and has the advantage of keeping indefinitely. It has proved a boon to many a housewife, when the cream has gone sour, or when a pudding or other dessert seems untempting, and requires a little extra touch to make it just right.

Grow spearmint in your garden, and make a perfect summer drink, by crushing a few leaves of it in a glass and adding a little lemon juice. sugar and ice cold water. Without the lemon juice it will be insipid. Home-made baked beans in 20 minutes-well you would think they were home-made anyhow! But they are really only ordinary, bought, canned ones, removed from the can to an earthen dish, a few strips of bacon laid on the top, and a little black molasses mixed with the beans-then the whole baked for a little while till brown. They have quite the homemade flavor

iSugar Remains Unchanged.

(Canadian Food Bulletin.) Restrictions on sugar so far as the private home is concerned cannot yet be withdrawn. This may seem somewhat of a hardship, when it is stated in our newspapers that the allowance in the United States has been increas-It is, however, chiefly a matter of shipping. Thanks to the fact that the United States ports lie nearer to Cuba, they are able to get more tonnage in the sugar trade than is possible for us in Canada, especially for the next couple of months, when Halifax and St. John will certainly be congested with trans-Atlantic liners. The sugar-producing states of the south have already raised their allow ance to 4 pounds per month, but this is quite a local ration. Ontario has been fortunate this year in meeting the cane-sugar shortage by the heavy crop, estimated at 25,000 tons, from the sugar-beet fields.

Mother. Mother is a little girl who trod my path before me: Just a bigger, wiser little girl who ran ahead— Bigger, wiser, stronger girl who always watches o'er me.
One who knows the pitfalls in the rugged road I tread.

Mother is a playmate who will always treat me kind. Playmate who will yield me what true riaymate who will yield me what true happiness demands.

She will never let my feet stray into brambles blindly—

Mother's just a bigger girl who understands.

Mother is an older little play.

befriend me—
Yesteryear she traveled in the path
that's mine to-day!

Never need I fear a foe from which she
might defend me
Faithful little pal who ran ahead and
learned the way!

Strickland Gillian. Mother is an older little playmate who'll

Sir John A. and the Social Glass.

Sir John Macdonald was a man with his feet on the earth and his head not so far above it. He seldom sought to climb to moral elevations where the footing might be insecure. For a time he drank freely, but any whisper of censure only stimulated Conservatives to fiercer personal levalty. He said himself that the country would rather have "John A." drunk than George Brown sober. He told D'Arcy McGee This Government can't afford two drunkards and you've got to stop." His drinking was exaggerated, as were his other faults and follies, by sleepless and insensate opponents. Very often the attack was so violent as to bring chivalrous souls to his side and actually react in his favor. Down to middle life and beyond Sir John Macdonald had periodical "sprees," and nothing that he attempted was done hadly. Sometimes he was disabled for public duty. The authorities seem to agree that not only may a "spreed come unaware, but that it is as uncertain in its going as in its coming logue his containing phones and attract many develop various phones and attract many